

NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVII. No. 9.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1892.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, K.G.

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PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

Since the death of the Duke of Clarence, public attention is, as a matter of course, directed to Prince George of Wales, his only surviving brother. A greater contrast than these two brothers can hardly be imagined. The Duke of Clarence had all the physical characteristics of the Royal family of Denmark, was slender and elegant in build, and grave and dignified in manner, while Prince George is short and stocky in figure, genial in manner, fond of practical jokes, and regarded generally as the "enfant terrible" of the whole Royal family.

Should he live to ascend the throne he will be the first sovereign of Great Britain who has visited every part of the empire. He was educated along with his elder brother under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Dalton. Later on, the two boys spent two years on board the training ship "Britannia," and were afterwards appointed midshipmen on board the corvette "Bacchante" on which they took their trip around the world.

Prince George is quite devoid of affectation and is decidedly democratic in his ways. He abhors pretence and all hollow forms and conventionalities and with even the mildest type of snobbery has no patience whatever. He is very merry-hearted, and so prone is he sometimes to laugh when etiquette says be solemn, that he is rather the terror of the old court officials, with whom court etiquette is part and parcel of their creed.

That he is a good public speaker was shown in his neat, pithy speech, a couple of years ago, when he was presented at the Guildhall with the freedom of the city of London. The casket containing the document was made from the oak of Nelson's flagship, "Victory." On four generations of the Royal family of England has this honor been conferred, Prince George's great grandfather, the Duke of Kent, his grandfather the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales and himself. Such a succession of freemen of London has never before been known in England.

KEPT HER BOY.

"Mamma, may I make some candy?" said Willie Jones to his mother.

"Yes, my son, if you'll clean everything up nicely afterwards, and not make a muss."

So Mrs. Jones measured out a cupful of sugar and a cupful of molasses in the pan in which candy was usually made. Willie had helped her make it a great many times until he knew how it should be done.

"If he spoils it," she said to herself, "a few cents will cover the loss; he'll enjoy his fun."

So Willie washed his hands, put on an apron, and was merry as could be over his frolic. Later he was permitted to make cake in the same way and on the same conditions. Sometimes he made failures, but they are steps in the upward progress of the soul from ignorance to knowledge.

"You must love noise and boys," said Mr. Jones to his wife one evening when he came in and found three or four boys with Willie around the dining table, and having rather uproarious fun with the game they were playing.

"I love Willie," replied Mrs. Jones. "He must have playmates, and if his friends come here and play with him in my presence, I know just what company he is in; and I don't know when he goes off somewhere else."

"Mamma," said Mary, Willie's sister, "do make Willie sit in a chair and read. He's always lying down on the floor and supporting himself on his elbows while he reads."

"It is a good book he's reading, isn't it?" said Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, yes, indeed; it's 'The Boy Travellers in Japan,'" replied Mary.

"Well, don't disturb him; he's happy and well employed. Let him alone."

And so Mrs. Jones kept her boy near her, and made it pleasant for him to be near her. She was polite to him, as polite as if he had been somebody's else son instead of her own only boy. She always said, "please, Willie," do so and so, when she wanted anything done; and she thanked him for his attentions to her, and made him feel that his obedience and good will were appreciated, that she loved him and con-

fided in him and trusted him, and was never so happy as when he was with her.

So Willie adored his mother, and confided in her, and kept close to her. He grew up pure and sweet and happy and polite and intelligent and manly.

We cannot keep our children too near our hearts, if our hearts are as they should be, for their welfare and for our happiness. —*The Christian Advocate.*

ONE EFFORT MORE TO REACH HIM.

It was a wild, stormy Sunday. Charlie Ashcroft lingered in the church porch as if hesitating to venture out into the brawling, confusing tempest. His teacher, Alice Farnham, came from the Sunday school and noticed her scholar in the porch.

It had been a very small attendance that day, but somehow there had been a quickening interest in the lesson, emphasizing repentance and forgiveness through the Saviour. The very thought of the divine mercy beckoned like a light in the window shining out on a storm beset traveller in the night. Then all the exercises of that brief hour in the Sunday school, like a sheltering spot within, while a vexing tempest was without, carried the subject still deeper into the heart.

To her three scholars present, Alice briefly had said, and in general, that she wished all her class personally might know about the depths of comfort to be found in the subject of the lesson. "I have done my duty," she complacently thought, and at the hour of dismissal wrapped herself in her long, thick cloak with the air of a very profitable servant of the Lord.

Out in the entry though she changed her mind when she saw Charlie. He was a careless, impulsive fellow of fifteen, and Alice asked herself whether he had not probably shed the special influences of the hour as easily as a slated roof does the rain.

"I advised them all to make Christ a refuge," she reflected. "I said nothing to them separately, but Charlie is not easy."

She stayed that thought and looked at him.

"They say he hasn't a very pleasant home," reflected the teacher. "I pity him! I have a great mind to—"

She hesitated again.

There are moments when heaven seems to descend upon our human hearts, and it presses them to action. We should be like iron on the earth side, when it is the tempted side, but toward heaven let there be a door ever ajar, swingingly readily on its hinges.

Alice yielded. She stepped up to Charlie, laid her hand upon him, said gently, sympathetically, "Charlie, don't forget the lesson! Do—do—"

Suddenly, she was embarrassed. Why, she expected to find it very easy to make an appeal to Charlie. It had been easy in the class. Then, she talked officially. Now, urged by a profound personal interest in this boy's soul, she was trying to influence him. She continued to stammer, "Do—do—do—"

The next word would not come. Almost saucily, grinning as he spoke, he replied, "Do what?"

His rudeness hurt her feelings. She was in no mood for banter. She was very seriously in earnest. The tears came into her eyes, and with them words came also.

"Charlie—I wanted—to tell you—I wished—you would make—Christ your refuge."

"Did try once," he sulkily replied.

"Do it—again—"

She was crying now so that she could only sob. "Only—trust—him."

She could say no more, but hurried out into the storm that seemed to rage harder than ever. She was overwhelmed with too violent emotions to notice any details of the storm; or she would have seen that the river was swollen angrily by a freshet. She would have noticed, too, that Charlie had taken the street leading to the bridge crossing the river.

That very afternoon all the town was violently disturbed by the tidings that the bridge had been swept away. Something else was reported. An older brother of Alice brought the sad news.

"Alice," he said, looking up eagerly as he entered the house, "his cheeks flushed, his eyes flashing, 'Alice, bad—news!—"

They say Charlie—Ashcroft was—going—across the bridge when it—was carried—away—"

"And he wasn't drowned?"

"They say he—was—rescued—but jammed—between the timbers."

"Oh, my poor Charlie! I must go to him now."

Yes, rescued after the fashion of a ship that has reached the shore, but lies not in a harbor, only on the beach, bruised, battered, hopelessly torn by the mangling breakers. Alice could not see her scholar. "She must wait," said the doctor.

When he had his moments of consciousness, Charlie fastened his eyes on his mother and said: "Teacher—told—me to trust—him."

"Would you like to see her, Charlie?" asked his mother.

He nodded his head.

When Alice came at his bidding she was shocked to see the shadow of the end that was darkening his face.

But there came a light into it.

"Teacher—you—told—me," he spoke slowly, wearily, gasping for breath—"to trust him—only—trust him—and I am trying—I hope—I—do—trust him." As he spoke he looked up, reached up his hands, smiled, and was gone! He had taken hold of the tender hands wounded for our salvation, and let down alone for our grasping. He had died, clinging.

What was the feeling in Alice Farnham's heart as she recalled the experience of her after-school talk with Charlie?

In that moment when all things human were swept away as a refuge, when the things sure and divine were grasped, did that Sunday school teacher regret those words of faithful, affectionate pleading? —*Rev. E. A. Rand, in Pilgrim Teacher.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—MAY 8, 1892.

DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE.—Psalm 84:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house."—Psalm 84:4.

HOME READINGS.

M. Psalm 81:1-12.—Delight in God's House.
T. Psalm 20:1-6.—Help from the Sanctuary.
W. Psalm 27:1-14.—One Thing Desired.
Th. Psalm 42:1-11.—Longing for Zion.
F. Psalm 63:1-11.—Thirsting for God.
S. Psalm 87:1-7.—The Gates of Zion.
S. Psalm 122:1-9.—The House of the Lord.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Longing for God's House. vs. 1-4.
II. Strength in God's House. vs. 5-8.
III. Happiness in God's House. vs. 9-12.
TIME.—Probably B.C. 1023; during Absalom's rebellion.

PLACE.—Probably written by David during his exile from Jerusalem, perhaps at Mahanaim.

OPENING WORDS.

It is uncertain who was the author of this Psalm. According to some it was written by David, and dedicated to the sons of Korah as musical performers in the public service. Others suppose that it was written by one of the sons of Korah to express the feelings of David in a particular juncture in his history.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Amiable*—beloved, dear to my heart. *Tabernacles*—dwellings. Compare Psalm 27:1-6.
2. *Soul*—heart. *Flesh*—mark the whole man, with every faculty and affection. *Length*—*faintly*—*crieth out*—express the greatest intensity of desire. 3. *The sparrow*—the meaning is, "as the bird fail not to find resting-places for themselves, so I would make my dwelling and resting-place in the house of the Lord." 4. *Are the ways of them*—Revised Version, "are the highways to Zion;" the highways to the house of God are his delight. 5. *The valley of Baca*—Revised Version, "the valley of weeping." *Make it a well*—"a place of springs." In lands where water is scarce throughout the summer, as in Palestine, a spring is welcomed by the traveller as the source of refreshment and delight; so the grace of God, by the exercise of worship, revives and refreshes the hearts of his people, so that for sorrow they have "rivers of delight." Psalm 36:8; 46:4. 6. *Thine anointed*—David. 10. *I had rather be a doorkeeper*—occupy the lowest place. 11. *A sun*—to enlighten. *A shield*—to protect. *Grace*—all spiritual good. *Glorify*—all eternal good. Grace here; glory hereafter.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. LONGING FOR GOD'S HOUSE. vs. 1-4.—Repeat the first verse. What strong declaration is made? What striking comparison is used? Who is "rejoicing blessed"? Why should we love the sanctuary?

II. STRENGTH IN GOD'S HOUSE. vs. 5-8.—What declaration is made in the fifth verse? What figure is next used? vs. 6, 7. What prayer does the Psalmist offer? How may we find strength in God's house?

III. HAPPINESS IN GOD'S HOUSE. vs. 9-12.—

What prayer does the Psalmist next offer? Who is here meant by *thine anointed*? What was the Psalmist's choice? How may we find happiness in God's house? What may we expect if we serve him faithfully? What is the closing declaration of this Psalm?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should love the house of God and prize its sacred privileges.
2. Those who have the strongest desires for God and his house receive the greatest blessings there.
3. True Christians grow in grace—they go from strength to strength.
4. God will withhold no really good thing from those that walk uprightly.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How does the Psalmist express his longing for God's house? Ans. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.
2. Whom does he pronounce blessed? Ans. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.
3. What further does he say of them? Ans. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
4. How does the Psalmist express his happiness in God's house? Ans. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
5. What will be the portion of those that walk uprightly? Ans. The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

LESSON VII.—MAY 15, 1892.

A SONG OF PRAISE.—Psalm 103:1-22.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Psalm 103:2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Psalm 103:1-22.—A Song of Praise.
T. Exod. 15:1-19.—The Song of Moses.
W. Exod. 37:1-9.—The Lord's Name Proclaimed.
Th. Psalm 101:1-23.—A Song of God's Power.
F. Psalm 145:1-21.—A Song of God's Goodness.
S. Luke 1:40-55.—Mary's Song.
S. Luke 1:67-79.—The Song of Zacharias.

LESSON PLAN.

- I. Remembering God's Benefits. vs. 1-7.
- II. Recounting God's Goodness. vs. 8-18.
- III. Calling to Praise. vs. 19-22.

TIME.—Uncertain, probably about 1020.

PLACE.—Written by David, at Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

This Psalm was probably written by David late in his life, after his experience of sin and its chastisement, and of God's infinite loving-kindness. While we study it let us call to mind all God's benefits to us, and then we will be ready to make the words of the Psalmist our own: Bless the Lord, O my soul!

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *All that is within me*—all my powers and affections. 4. *Redeemeth*—saveth at cost to himself. *Life from destruction*—our temporal life in this world and our eternal life. 5. *Renewed like the eagle*—referring to the new feathers which come to the eagle every year, making it seem young. 8. *Slow to anger*—bears long with his children. 9. *Will not always chide*—will pardon as soon as the sinner repents. 13. *As a father*—always ready to receive an erring son. Luke 15:11-24. 15. *Grass*—*flower*—short-lived, easily destroyed. 17. *From everlasting to everlasting*—in strong contrast with man's frailty is God's everlasting mercy, Psalm 90:6; 102:27, 28. 18. *Keep his covenant*—keep the promises made to obey his laws. 19. *Prepared*—Revised Version, "established." *Over all*—Psalm 47:2. 21. *Ministers*—Heb. 1:14. The Psalmist now returns to himself, and ends as he began: Bless the Lord, O my soul!

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. REMEMBERING GOD'S BENEFITS. vs. 1-7.—With what call does the Psalm begin? For what personal benefits does the Psalmist bless the Lord? What besides God's benefits to himself does the Psalmist remember? How did God make his ways known to Moses?

II. RECOUNTING GOD'S GOODNESS. vs. 8-18.—How does the Psalmist recount God's goodness? What is said of God's anger? Of his forgiveness of our sins? How is his mercy described? How his fatherly pity? How is our frailty described? What is contrasted with man's frailty? To whom does God show his mercy?

III. CALLING TO PRAISE. vs. 19-22.—What is the extent of God's kingdom? Whom does the Psalmist call to praise? How are angels his ministers? What is said of them in Heb. 1:14? How do God's works praise him?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God has crowned me with loving-kindness and tender mercies.
2. All his benefits call me to praise.
3. His love for his children is greater than that of the most tender and loving father.
4. He will give everlasting glory to all who fear him and keep his commandments.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What does the Psalmist call upon himself to do? Ans. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.
2. What benefits does the Lord bestow upon us? Ans. The pardon of our sins and all the blessings of life.
3. How has he made himself known to us? Ans. As the Lord, merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
4. How does he show his love for his children? Ans. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
5. How does this song of praise end? Ans. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

GRANDMOTHER'S PUDDING.

(AN OLD RECIPE.)

Into one pint of purest drink,
Let one teaspoon of clear rice sink,
And boil till all the water's gone—
No matter where. Stir with a spoon
And deftly add of milk one quart;
Boil till it thickens as it ought,
Stirring it with the aforesaid spoon
Till it is smooth and white and done.
Then add three egg yolks beaten light,
One lemon's rind all grated right,
And white sugar well refined,
Eight spoons, by stirring thus combined.
Now pour the mixture in a dish,
Of any size that you may wish,
And let it stand while with a fork
You beat the whites as light as cork—
The whites of the three eggs, I mean,
And when they're beaten stiff and clean,
Add eight spoonfuls of sugar light,
And put the frothing nice and white,
Upon your pudding like a cover—
Be sure you spread it nicely over.
In a cool oven let it brown—
We think the pudding will go down.

—Adelaide Preston in the Home-Maker.

THE ECONOMICAL WOMAN.

The really economical woman doesn't buy a cheap dress. She selects something that is good, something that will not crease or catch dust easily. She remembers that black is safe, useful, and generally becoming. She selects a pattern that will look well for some time, and then allow a satisfactory making over. She puts her material in the hands of a good dressmaker and insists upon a perfect fit. She buys whatever will give the dress a finished, handsome appearance, knowing well that a dress properly made will look well while there is a piece of it.

She wears her dress with care. If it rains she leaves it in the wardrobe and puts on an old one. When she wears it she is careful to dust it and see that it is hung or folded so that no creases will mortify her when next she dons the suit. Sometimes she presses it nicely, removing spots and looking after hooks and buttons. She buys the best gloves, and is careful of the fit. When she has worn the gloves she puts them away folded, as when she bought them. When it rains or at night she wears an old pair, neatly-mended. Her shoes fit. If her feet are large so are her shoes. They are good and she keeps the buttons on. Her bonnet always looks well. She buys trimming of a kind that can be used on different shapes, and changes, in a quiet way, with the fashion, for the bonnet itself is not necessarily expensive. She never wastes money on fancy neck wear or flimsy ribbon or cheap flowers. She has a few good things and takes care of them. She spends very little money and always looks well. If she is the mother of a family of girls, she knows that it pays to dress two or three of them alike. So when she buys dresses for the children she selects a piece of flannel or some other good material, being careful to choose a color that is bright and clean, but not gay. Then when Susie outgrows her dress, and Jennie tears hers, the two can be made over for Dot.

This really economical woman knows that it never pays to buy cheap goods for the children, and she knows that great piles of underclothing and a whole closet full of dresses are not needed for a growing child. She will make three each of all undergarments, and they will always last, with a bit of mending and darning, until the child is too big for them. In winter one pretty flannel dress is sufficient for "best" and two of commoner material, or made from the dresses of some larger person, for every day. In summer everybody likes white frocks, and they are very cheap.

In "handing down" clothes, a careful mother will always change the garment in some way, so that the child will feel comfortable in it. A few fancy stitches in some bright silk will often work wonders. I know two little girls who had terracotta flannel coats. The smaller girl outgrew hers, but the other, with cuffs to lengthen the sleeves, did pretty well. The little girl was tired of it, and a bit jealous when her sister's new cloak came. A thrifty and sympathetic auntie took the full skirt of the smaller cloak and gathered it under the collar of the larger one, forming a full deep

cape. Then she bought some pale blue silk and feather-stitched the collar, cape, cuffs, and the front of the cloak. The garment was prettier than it had ever been, and the child was happy.

Don't let the little ones wear the outgrown hats and dresses just as they are. Always make them look dainty and new. The economical woman knows how to dye little garments nicely. She doesn't begin until she knows the cloth is all wool. She doesn't attempt fancy colors. She believes in a good, dark brown, or a warm bright red. She knows that it is better to buy a dark dye, even if she wants a light color. A package of cardinal red will dye a pink and scarlet, if only a little of the dye is used. She rips and washes the garment, dyes carefully and presses well. There is a great deal in pressing. A tailor told me that he depended upon it to give style and finish to the best garments he made, and that it took him longer to press a pair of pants than it did to cut and make them. A darn well pressed will disappear almost entirely, if the material be good. Nothing can ever be done with goods that is a mixture of cotton and wool.

The darning ought to be done with silk before the garment is dyed, then you can hardly find it. The economical woman knows that with a bright, clean face and tidy hair, a very plain hat will be becoming to her little girl. She doesn't buy feathers or flowers, for good ones cost too much, and cheap ones are an abomination, so she gets pretty, stylish shapes and trims them with a bow of good ribbon, or a band of nice velvet. These little hats are trim and dainty when the flowers are crushed and faded and the feathers out of curl and bristly.

This woman teaches the children to take care of their clothes. They never romp and play in their best dresses, and their garments are always brushed and folded neatly when taken off. In this way one dollar does the work of two.—Mary Wilson in the Housekeeper.

THOUGHTS FOR FARM MOTHERS.

I want the woman on the farm to go visiting more and have company more. I want her to set her neighbor a good example in the method of entertaining. I want her to set a simple table, one which will not so completely use up all the energies that she cannot enjoy her company. I want her to spend less time in trying to keep pace with the habits of dress of the mother in the village, who has more time to spend on such things. I want her to dress herself and her children so comfortably, so healthfully, so plainly that she need not be continually worrying over her sewing and ironing. I want her to be emancipated from bed-quilts and rag-carpet, body, mind and soul-destroying appliances that they are. I want her to accustom her children to early hours for bed, and then I want her and her husband to read together books which will broaden the minds of both. I want her to teach her children the good old adage, "Children should be seen and not heard," when the father reads aloud to her in the few spare moments he may have in the house. I want children and mother to profit by the outlook that the father enjoys. I want her to give the older children care of the younger ones, so that in a very few years she may have help from them, if she takes them away from home, or can leave them at home without fear while she goes among her neighbors for a little brightness. I want her to get out-doors, to feel such an interest in every part of the farm that she will take a walk to some part of it almost every day, or do some daily work in the garden. A carelessly kept flower garden is not out-doors exercise enough. If it be well kept, it may be enough, but the woman who emancipates herself from senseless demands of dress and food may do more than keep a flower garden; she may make herself an adept in the care of small fruits or in the growth of celery, of cabbage, of radishes or she may undertake to study the habits of our fast disappearing wild flowers, and have a little bed of ferns and orchids, of delicate hepaticas and graceful dielutras, and with every breath of fresh air she will draw in fresh strength for their-door life, and perchance will strengthen the young life so dependent upon hers.

I have been wondering if she might not

do some missionary work, save some soul from death in the meantime. Perhaps I am proposing too much, but so many times when I taught in a large city and saw wretched homes and wretched lives—saw the forgotten, the unloved, the uncared for children of humanity—I have longed for country homes for them, and I have wondered if such homes might not save them from the certain sin and sorrow of the future. I have wondered if a true home and love and trust for these waifs of humanity might not save their bodies, minds and souls from destruction, and if the farmer's wife might not train up a loving, helpful, adopted daughter. Last, but far from least, I want all mothers, but especially these farm mothers to not only talk and read with the fathers on questions concerning the greater homes, including the less, but I want them to feel, that they, too, are responsible for the right conduct of all these forms of Government. I want the motherhood to stand equal side by side, with the fatherhood and together study and plan for best results, that the life of the woman on the farm may be a joy to herself, and to her husband, to her children, to all about her, and that it may be an inspiration to her neighbors for better living.—Farmers' Review.

TESTING THE PURITY OF WATER.

Those who are disposed to question the purity of the water they are using, and yet find it impossible to have it analyzed by a competent chemist, should subject it to the following tests, which are found in Hatfield's "Physiology and Hygiene," and, in a slightly altered form, are presented to the readers of *The Household*:

1. Dissolve half a teaspoon of loaf sugar in three-quarters of a pint of water, pour the solution into a pint bottle, and let it stand in a warm place for a couple of days. If, at the end of that time, it is found transparent, it may be considered fit for drinking, for if the water had contained sufficient impurities to produce fermentation of the sugar, it turns the liquid cloudy or turbid.

2. Pour one pint of water into a quart bottle, which has been well scalded, cork tightly, and stand it in a warm place for twenty-four hours; shake the water, remove the cork, and if it has any disagreeable smell, the water should be tested by a competent chemist before using for cooking or drinking purposes.

By heating water to boiling, an odor is evolved, sometimes, that does not otherwise appear.

3. Safe water for drinking ought to respond to such a color test as may be made by filling with water a large, perfectly clean bottle made of colorless glass; look through the water at some black object; the water should appear perfectly colorless and free from suspended matter. A muddy or turbid appearance may indicate the presence of soluble organic matter, or of solid matter in suspension.

"For drinking," adds Prof. Hatfield, "rain, spring, river, lake or well water is employed, and of these the last is usually the most objectionable."

If it were not for the disagreeable taste which stored rain-water acquires by standing, it would be the best water for our use, as it is the purest, if the cistern or hogshead is kept clean, and the surface upon which it descends and the pipes through which it flows, carefully attended to.

In all cases, where there is the least doubt about the purity of the water supply, or when travelling in unhealthy districts, none but water which has been efficiently filtered or briskly boiled for half an hour should be used.

Cool and put into a large pitcher covered with a wet cloth, or put into clean bottles, corked tightly and placed in an ice-chest.—Household.

CONVENIENT UTENSILS.

The basis of convenience in the kitchen is a good and sufficient supply of utensils, yet many people economize in kettles and spiders while indulging in the extravagance of elaborate tidies and lambrequins. A large assortment of kitchen spoons and steel knives is essential. One careful housekeeper has learned how to sharpen knives to perfection and will not permit her servants to undertake this duty. She says that she has had so many knives ruined by ignorant servants that she prefers to use

the steel herself. Among the knives sold for the kitchen are a carving knife, a scraping knife and bread knife. All dealers in cutlery say that steel knives must be kept away from the fire or their temper will be lost, and they will be of no more value than an iron knife. Besides these kitchen small tools there are needed covered saucepans, puree sieves, vegetable strainers, nutmeg graters, of the kind which does not grate the fingers as well as the nutmegs. Something particularly useful is the lemon squeezer of glass, which is much better than a metal squeezer. It is said that copper stewpans are much less used than formerly, because they require to be frequently retinned, and become a source of danger unless kept perfectly clean and bright inside.

The fascinations of white paint for interior decoration have not passed away, and white painted furniture still holds a conspicuous place in the best rooms. The economical housekeeper may easily become fashionable by covering the wood-work of dark furniture with white paint; and one sees old mirrors surrounded by a white rim, white painted rocking-chairs and white tables. Coverings of Oriental rugs are another popular feature of the fashion in furnishing.

An economical beef stew is made by Miss Daniell. Her receipt is: Cut up one and one-half pounds of cheap beef; pepper, salt and flour the beef and brown it in a saucepan with two table-spoonsful of dripping. Place the beef in a saucepan with one quart of boiling water, a small onion, one medium-sized turnip, one small carrot and three potatoes. Simmer three hours.—Boston Journal.

PUZZLES NO. 8.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Idle talk. 2. A root. 3. A proverb. 4. A beast of prey. 5. To use strength.

METAGRAMS.

Complete, I am a woman—change my head, and I become not wild; again, and I have gained celebrity; again, and I am identical; again, and I am a play; once more, and I am an appellation.

PIED RIVERS.

1. Euli. 2. Wccantscha. 3. Ispisimsa. 4. Isorumi. 5. Hooi. 6. Knegyatigaon. 7. Goonbah. 8. Uendab. 9. Anozm. 10. Loagy.

HOUR-GLASS.

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1. In the form of gas. 2. To despatch. 3. Duration. 4. In snail. 5. To incline. 6. A sweet substance. 7. Imprisonment.

The centrals, spelled downward, give a country in Europe.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead to let fall in drops, and leave to cut open. 2. Behead a low cart on wheels, and leave a streak of light. 3. Behead an animal, and leave a preparation. 4. Behead the American century-plant, and leave to give. 5. Behead a drinking-vessel, and leave a preposition.

DROP VOWEL VERSE.

F—r—n—t, l—ll— fl—ck; f—r—t—s y—r
F—th—r's g—d pl—s—r—t—g—v—y—r
th—K—ngd—m.

When sending answer, give chapter and verse.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 6.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.—

S amson.
P haraoh.
I saac.
R amah.
I saiah.
T arshish.—Spirit.

WHO IS HE?—Time.

DROP-VOWEL VERSE.—

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

DIAMOND.—

F
A R E
F R A N K
E N D
K

ENIGMA.—Tomatoes. Called "love apples" when first known.

PRIZES FOR PUZZLES.

We offer this month to our readers two prizes for original charades. For the best original charade we will send any one book of the "Pansy" or "Elsie" series, in a pretty cloth binding. For the second best original charade we offer the game of "Trades" or any one book of the "Pansy" series in paper cover. We are very desirous that all our readers should take part in this competition, and we expect to receive many good puzzles to publish. All answers should be posted not later than four weeks from date of this paper. Write on one side of paper only, and give clearly in upper right-hand corner of first page name and address in full of sender.

Address all communications to "Puzzles"

Northern Messenger,
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.



The Family Circle.

O WONDERFUL STORY.

"O wonderful, wonderful story
In God's blessed book that I read!
How he from his bright throne of glory
Looked down and was touched with our need.
Because he so wanted to save us
He sent his own Son from above;
His treasure most precious he gave us,
To show all the depth of his love.

So Jesus descended in meekness,
And came among sinners to dwell,
Was made like to us in our weakness
Because he just loved us so well;
His lot on this earth was but lowly,
Oft hungry, and weary, and sad;
Tho' he was the High and the Holy
Who came to make mourning hearts glad.

Our sins to the bitter cross nailed him,
For us he was laid in the grave—
But on the third morning they hailed him,
The risen one, "Mighty to save!"
And so we have life thro' his dying,
And so we have peace thro' his blood
And each one on Jesus relying,
Has pardon and favor with God.

O wonderful, wonderful story!
Lord give me a heart full of praise,
And teach me to live to thy glory,
Henceforth to the end of my days."

—Sunday at Home.

HOW FERGUS WENT TO CHURCH.

They were just come. The rooms and passages were strewn with packing-boxes and household goods, chairs were stacked up on the porch, there was a bedstead in the middle of the parlor floor, everything was in confusion. In the midst of it all, there was a resounding knock at the back door.

"I am the only one who can be spared," said Lucy. "I will receive our first visitor."

It was a boy with a big basket on his arm. "Do you want any nice blackberries this morning, miss?"

"Yes, indeed, I do; they will suit exactly for busy people like us."

The bargain was made, and the transfer from his basket to her dish began.

"You are giving me very good measure," said Lucy presently.

"I have to," he responded, glancing up at her from under his hat-brim with a grin, "so long as you are standing there watching me. Maybe if you were to step inside now, it would be different."

"Would it?"

He shook the last stray berries out of the sides of his quart cup, straightened himself up, and looking her fairly in the face, answered, "No, it wouldn't. I've got my mind all made up about that, and made fast so as it will stay. I don't believe in any of your tricky ways of doing business; I believe in good measure. It costs you less in the end; but some folks can't seem to think of that, they forget all about the end till they get there. I believe in looking ahead."

"How far ahead?"

He stared at her doubtfully, and while he hesitated as to how to answer this question, Lucy asked another: "Where do you go to church?"

"Well, nowhere, I suppose."

"Not to any church at all?"

"Not yet. You see, we only moved into this neighborhood about a couple of months ago."

"Eight whole Sundays, that would make, that you have stayed away? After all, you do not give good measure to everybody, do you?"

"You mean"—he paused, then with an upward jerk of the thumb, "to Him?"

"Yes; and are you sure that you really do believe in looking ahead—all the way ahead?"

"Well, you see, this is how it's been. My mother she was sick; and then, of course, there was a time getting things aside; and then everybody was strange to us, so, what with one thing and another, we haven't got started. To be sure," he added honestly, "we did go to one or two

picnics and excursions and things like that. When it's a picnic you can most generally hurry over this, and let the other wait, and manage to get there; but I'll allow that it does seem, somehow, as if all things had to be just so, before folks can see their way to going to church. It ain't right, I suppose."

"Let us make another bargain, you and I," said Lucy. "Promise me that tomorrow at church, when I look for the only face that I know in this town, I shall find it. Will you?"

The boy considered, then picking up his basket, he turned off with a nod. "All right, I'll be there, if nothing happens."

As he pursued his way with his lightened fruit basket, Fergus Collins said to himself: "I guess I've knocked at all the back doors around here in the last two months. I've sold to lots of the high up church people, and they've been mightily set on knowing what the price of berries was, and if they were picked fresh; and maybe after we'd got the business settled up, they'd throw in a little something about the weather. But she's the first that ever talked any religion to me, and she hasn't been in the place two days. She knows how to drive, I guess. I ain't saying but what I'd just as lief she hadn't. Maybe it would have been more comfortable for me if she had done like the rest. But that hasn't got anything to do with it, you know."

Here he was interrupted by a demand for his wares; but the customer having been attended to, his thoughts went back to his promise to Lucy.

"If it had been one of those others that asked me, I wouldn't have minded keeping them waiting, seeing that they don't seem to be in any particular hurry at all. Most likely they'd forget all about me as soon as I'd turned the corner, and wouldn't think to see whether I'd disappointed them or not. But she will. I guess she keeps such things on her mind, or else they wouldn't come off of her tongue so handy; and I guess she doesn't remind folks of heaven every once in a while just for fear she won't get there herself if she don't, but because she hates to see 'em running the risk of missing it. Anyway, I passed my word to her that I would go, and I didn't leave a hole of any size to slip out of, and so I'm going."

On the next Sunday morning, no sooner had Lucy taken her seat and glanced about her than she straightway desisted Fergus in a front pew of the gallery. He presented a most demure appearance; his countenance was serious and his hair smooth, almost beyond recognition, and throughout the services his deportment was faultless. As soon as they were over, however, he started home at full speed, and, once arrived there, changed back into his everyday self with all the despatch possible, and then set out for his favorite haunt in the woods. Bareheaded and barefooted, stretched out under the trees, he took his usual Sunday rest, after the labors of the week, which, in this case, he considered to have been unusually severe.

"I wonder what he was talking about," he said to himself, thinking of the preacher. "I forgot to take notice; I was too busy behaving. Well, I kept my promise anyway, but, for my life, I don't see what good it did anybody. She looked around for me first thing, the same as I knew she would. She knows how to work things. She brought that in real neat about not giving good measure to everybody, meaning the Lord, and about not looking ahead all the way, meaning—well, there's one or two things she might have meant by that; she might have meant heaven, or she might have meant the day of judgment, or," he paused, "or else she might have meant," he presently added with emphasis, "looking forward to the time when you'd got all you wanted, and had plenty of it, and knew that was all, that your life was pretty near finished, and nothing was coming of it that would last over any time. That's always the worst of living—it uses up so fast."

He rolled over on the grass, and began to whistle a lively air; but it broke off suddenly.

"And as for giving good measure to everybody, what is good measure for the Lord? When they're preaching, they tell you the whole business belongs to him; but when they're practising, it seems they

get another idea of it. They keep back considerable, the most of them."

Here followed another long pause. This time he did not attempt to whistle, but pursued his meditations with a grave face.

"Maybe they do keep back considerable, but how about myself? I don't see but what I owe the same measure as they do, and how much do I keep back?"

The rustling of leaves and the snapping of fallen boughs gave warning of somebody's approach, and a moment later another boy had thrown himself down beside Fergus.

"Where have you been keeping yourself? It seems you don't feel very sociable to-day. I've looked all over for you. How did you spend your morning?"

"I went to church."

"You did? Had a nice time?"

"Not particular. But I'd promised to go, and I kept my promise."

If Fergus expected an outburst of ridicule, he was disappointed. The newcomer, after chewing the bark from a stick for some minutes without comment, at last said quietly: "Well, I think some of going to church myself sometimes. And then again it doesn't seem hardly worth while to bother with it yet; it seems as if I was safe to wait. The only trouble is that dying comes to people so awful sly sometimes. You can't count on a warning. If you could, why then you could make all the litter you wanted during the day, and begin and clear it out toward evening, and have everything tidy by the time your company came. It would be more convenient, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Fergus. "But if a fellow could trust to putting off, and going to heaven on the jump that way, last thing, I ain't sure but what he'd be a fool to do it."

His companion stared.

"What are you talking about? Why, man, you could have all you wanted, then, of heaven and earth both."

"I ain't sure," repeated Fergus, rising and brushing the leaves from his clothes. "I don't know if the best of heaven is had by just getting there, and I don't know if the best of earth is had either by walling heaven out of it till the last minute. Maybe you'd miss more both ways than you'd ever catch up with, even if you had for ever and ever to do it in."

All the week Fergus kept away from Lucy, and on Sunday he did not go to church. On Tuesday afternoon his little sister came in search of him among the blackberry bushes, to tell him that "a lady" wanted to see him.

"Of course, I knew she was coming," said Fergus, with rueful admiration. "I'm in for it now. I suppose she will want to know the reason of my staying at home last Sunday. If you drop off asleep anywhere near her, she's bound you shall do it with your eyes open."

But instead of the question he expected, Lucy began by asking abruptly, "Fergus, did you ever hear of Mr. Moody?"

"Moody?" repeated Fergus, reflectively. "Do you mean one of those Sunday-school singing-book men?"

"Yes, he is a preacher; he has gone all over the country, and preached to thousands and thousands of people. Well, when he was a young man he picked out a certain pew in the church that he went to, and set his mind to keeping it full every Sunday—full of his guests, that he had invited and brought there himself. I remembered that the week before last, when I saw you sitting up there in the gallery all alone, I thought how much nicer a whole row of you would look. And last Sunday—"

"You thought it harder still, I suppose," interrupted Fergus.

"Yes. Don't you know any people about here who do not go to church?"

"Lots of them," was the concise reply.

"Don't you suppose that you could persuade a few full to go with you, if you really tried?"

"Perhaps I might. A person would have to tackle them a plenty though, and then begin and tackle them all over again likely, before they'd get there. You know how that is," he ended with a laugh.

"Yes; but then it would be such a splendid thing to think that there were four or five boys at church, every Sunday, who would not have been there if you had not brought them. And you know you like good measure."

The idea recommended itself to the boy's enterprising mind, and with all the skill and persistence of which he was capable he carried on the undertaking. In the winter, when Fergus wished to join the church, and the pastor asked him what had turned his mind to such things, he said,—

"Well, I suppose it was sitting up there in the gallery alongside of those fellows that I'd coaxed to come in with me. It wasn't long before I saw that there was more work in it than I could do alone—that I couldn't carry on my business the way it ought to be without a Partner."

THE FRIENDLESS GIRL.

"I don't mean by this the girl who is alone in the world, but I mean the girl who thinks that she cannot make friends, and who has become morbid and unhappy about it. In the first place, friends are not blocked out like caramels; you may have no end of acquaintances—pleasant ones—but friends come with years. The two weeks' acquaintance is not the one with whom it is wise to be confidential, nor should you count upon her eternal fidelity. My dear girl, in this busy world so many people have so much to do that they cannot form many close friendships, and they choose the people they prefer. If you are absolutely friendless, in the sense that I mean, the fault must lie a little with you. Probably you are a wee-bit selfish, and selfishness and friendship, like oil and water, do not mingle well. You claim that you love everybody. Now love is too precious a thing to give to everyone. Suppose I tell you a little story: There were once two beautiful fox-terriers; when a stranger came to the house where they lived one of them rushed to meet the visitor, lavished caresses upon her, and quickly coiled itself into a most comfortable position on her lap. The other dog stood quietly by; if it were asked for a paw, it gave it, but always retreated and sat down beside its master. Somebody said one day speaking of the first: "How different this dog is from the other one; it's so much more affectionate!" "Oh, no," said their master, "you are very much mistaken; the dog who is so affectionate with you, gives its affection to every stranger it meets; the other one waits until it knows you well and then from that time on it is your friend, and is ready to greet you and show signs of its friendship. When I was ill, the dog that you call the affectionate one preferred to stay with strangers; the other one rested at the foot of my bed and refused to stir. When my sister sat there crying because of some trouble that had come to her, the dog that loved everybody went into another room, but the other dog went up to her, licked the tear-stained hands, looked up in her face with his soft brown eyes as if he were trying to say 'I'm your friend, don't worry.' This points a little bit of moral, and it means that while you can have plenty of pleasant acquaintances you will find that a few friends are best worth having; and that—I must repeat it—if you are friendless, there must be a fault in you that is the cause.—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

DANGEROUS PRAYERS.

"I want you to spend fifteen minutes every day praying for Foreign Missions," said the pastor to some young people in his congregation. "But beware how you pray, for I warn you that it is a very costly experiment."

"Costly?" they asked in surprise.

"Ay, costly," he cried. "When Carey began to pray for the conversion of the world, it cost him himself, and it cost those who prayed with him very much. Brainerd prayed for the dark-skinned savages, and, after two years of blessed work, it cost him his life. Two students in Mr. Moody's summer school began to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more servants into his harvest; and lo! it is going to cost our country five thousand young men and women who have, in answer to this prayer, pledged themselves to the work. Be sure it is a dangerous thing to pray in earnest for this work; you will find that you cannot pray and withhold your labor, or pray and withhold your money; nay, that your very life will no longer be your own, when your prayers begin to be answered."

AN ELEPHANT KRAAL IN CEYLON.

When a high dignitary pays a visit to Ceylon the public entertainment given him is hardly considered complete without an "elephant kraal." A writer in a recent number of *Outing* gives a graphic description of one of which he was an eye-witness, given in 1882 in honor of the late Duke of Clarence and his brother, Prince George of Wales, who were then on their tour around the world, from which we give our readers some extracts.

An elephant kraal, he says, is no simple matter, the drive taking possibly a couple of months to accomplish, and requiring as beaters some thousands of villagers. The system is that known in olden days as "rajakeria." The rajah (in this instance Sir James Langden) sends word to all the villagers, through their respective headmen, that he has made up his royal mind to have an elephant kraal.

The men are then and there obliged to turn out into the jungle, taking their food, cooking chattels and household goods with them.

The whereabouts of a herd is first discovered by the trackers, who are sent on some time previously. Then this mass of humanity forms a cordon on three sides of the herd, moving slowly, little by little,

stretches from one side of it right round the herd to the other side. Then begins what is known as the "drive in," a most intensely interesting and exciting time, sometimes occupying several days, as it did on this occasion.

At last the elephants thoroughly realize their position and the fact that they are surrounded and that they can neither escape nor go in any direction except into the kraal.

Repeatedly they charge the cordon, always to be met with lighted torches, firing of guns, shouts and yells of "Hari! hari! hari!" and the mystic white wands of the beaters. These wands, in which the beaters place so much superstitious faith, are only long, tapering jungle sticks about twelve feet long, with all the bark peeled off. With a wand in one hand and a torch in the other the beaters will withstand the most infuriated charge.

Down charge the elephants; crash goes the undergrowth. The whole jungle sways to and fro in all directions. "Alihoorah! hari! hari!" On they come. No slackening of speed; they'll be through this time! Look out! They are right on the wands, almost touching, and—silence! They have stopped. They wait a moment in sulky doubt; then, turning, rush off to try the same tactics on the other side of the

"Had she not rendered two or three homes desolate? Why should she be spared? Besides, having now discovered her power, who would be safe from her? She would become a veritable 'rogue,' a terror to the whole country. She must die, of course."

There was no more delay. The herd dashed right into the kraal pell-mell, tearing everything down before them, jungle crashing and falling in all directions.

There were seven in the herd, four big ones and three small ones, or "poonchies," as they are called.

The news soon spread, "The elephants are in!" and great was the exodus from kraaltown. Everyone was soon up at the kraal, the grand stand being packed. Every tree was loaded with human beings, all intently gazing into the kraal, trying to catch a glimpse of the elephants, which were moving the undergrowth about in all directions.

At last the elephants were actually kraaled!

A well-known old tusker was there. He had lost half his tail, probably in some fight, or it might have been shot off. Both of his tusks were broken, too, and altogether he looked a most disreputable character.

There was one very fine cow, five smaller

A very severe struggle ensued. Go she would not, notwithstanding that the united power of the two enormous tame elephants, both of which were tuskers, was brought to bear upon her.

Bravely she struggled, until at last, in rage and despair, she threw herself down never to rise again. Her spirit was utterly broken, and in a short time she died.

Meantime the noosing had been going on. One fine young bull elephant resisted most determinedly. In vain, however, for he was pushed, dragged and hauled here and there, *molens volens*, to the nearest tree, where he was made secure.

The "tying up" consists in tying the two hind legs of the captive securely, wound round and round in innumerable coils of very strong rope made of cane, which is again wound round and round the tree. He struggles, writhes, twists and turns, using every muscle in his huge and powerful body in his attempt to free himself. How he frets and fumes! Into what extraordinary contortions he wriggles his body! He runs round and round the tree, screams and trumpets with rage; and what a piteous sight it is to see him at last give up all hope and lie down in agony, despair and disgrace, his noble spirit utterly broken!

The mahouts were afraid to go near my



SHE THREW HERSELF DOWN NEVER TO RISE AGAIN.

day by day, and thus inducing, not forcing, the elephants to go in any direction desired.

Gradually, slowly but surely, the herds—for it is quite possible that more than one is surrounded—are driven toward the kraal, which has meantime been erected in some suitable locality, water being adjacent generally.

The kraal itself is a stockade, built of big trees horizontally placed and bound to huge uprights, and is of necessity of great strength, in order to resist the repeated efforts and charges of an infuriated herd of elephants to escape.

The elephants appear to gradually get accustomed to the noise and presence of the beaters in the jungle, and after the first month allow them to come fairly close. Here I would point out that the elephant's chief knowledge of the source of danger is his wonderful sense of smell. Their eyesight is very defective, and I do not think an elephant can see for more than a few yards, but he can scent anything for miles, according to the strength of the wind.

As the herd gets nearer the kraal the beaters close in gradually, until, when about a mile from the kraal, the cordon

kraal, only to be again repulsed in the same manner.

They cannot face the torches, and seldom break through; but occasionally it happens and then the herd has to be again surrounded as quickly as possible before they get away, when the whole process must be repeated. * * * *

Later on, after a few hours' sleep, we again went to the kraal. Everyone was there now, from the princes downward. The elephants were close by. At last they were really coming in, and word was passed around for everybody to be as quiet as possible. The elephants were wandering about in the most restless manner, occasionally trumpeting.

The excitement was intense, and for hours this went on. Still the brutes would not come in.

"Something has gone wrong. Two or three beaters have been killed; there is a very vicious cow with a young calf just at the entrance, and she is continually charging the beaters. Nothing can be done with her; she will have to be shot."

Such was the news that was whispered from one to another; and sure enough it was true.

but fairly sized elephants, and the five calves before mentioned, which, with my old friend, made twelve.

It was a most touching sight to see the little calves spurning earth and water over their mothers. They seemed to know that their mothers were in distress, and in their own manner did all they knew to alleviate it.

The tame elephants, with their mahouts on their backs, were ridden to and fro inside the kraal, in order to separate the wild elephants as much as possible from each other. Queerly enough there was not the slightest fraternity or friendship between the wild and the tame elephants except in the case of the calves.

A very pathetic episode now took place. Two tame elephants went alongside an old cow (with a calf), one on each side of her. The mahouts slipped down and after adjusting the ropes round the old cow's legs climbed up to their seats again. Their captive was now coaxed to walk off between the two tame elephants to the nearest tree, where the mahouts intended to make her fast. She refused to budge, however. She had too much affection for her little calf to leave it in that manner.

old friend the tusker—afraid to attempt to noose him, although we offered them a santosm of \$50 if they would do so.

The next morning the elephants were put up at auction. The little calf which had shown such affection for its broken-hearted mother was bought by our party for \$60. The biggest price realized by an elephant was \$300.

Everything had come to an end. The beaters, watchers, etc., went home, and very glad they were it was all over. For nearly three months their homes had been neglected, and their rice fields had been allowed to go to rack and ruin.

The remaining elephants (for there were still several left in the kraal, the mahouts having been afraid to go near them) we went down to liberate, and with my old friend at their head they majestically strode out, screaming defiance. They seemed to know that at any rate they had inspired fear and respect, and they were by no means hurried or undignified in their retreat.

We were glad to see it, and shouted a final "Hari! hari! hari!" to speed the parting guests.



"LULLABY."

SWEET WILLIAM,
OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.
By Marguerite Bourget.

CHAPTER III.—SWEET WILLIAM.

That night in the stately bed-chamber of the castle, where the tall candles cast their flickering lights upon the gorgeous tapestries, and where peace and stillness reigned unbroken, the twin babes lay slumbering side by side, while Mathilde and Lasette bent over them with sad and anxious faces.

Then one was left in the soft rich laces of its white cradle, to be tenderly cared for and served by many good women, to grow up in the midst of wealth and luxury; and the other was borne away to the dreary Tower, with its bare, gray walls and scanty stream of light, where no sunshine ever came to chase away the still lingering memory of the many wretched ones who had known its solitude. Yet there the infant William slept on as sweetly and peacefully as if he had been upon his mother's breast, never dreaming of the great change that had just come into his little life; and the good nurse Mathilde, who was to share his captivity during his babyhood, wept and prayed over him as the great bell in the abbey tolled out the hours in the midnight silence.

The Great Tower, where the baby William was to grow up and live, was as far away and isolated from the castle as Mount St. Michael itself seemed from the rest of the world. From one of its long, narrow windows nothing could be seen but the quiet sea, rippling away into a thousand little blue waves, till water and sky seemed to blend all in one. From the other, one saw the distant forest, so deep, black, and mysterious; and nearer, the quaint little peasant-huts, almost buried in the gray rock of the mount, vine-grown and gloomy,

with here and there a lonely goat grazing at their door.

Mathilde, who beheld the sad outlook in the gray light of the morning, thought and almost hoped that the little prisoner would never live to know his misery.

But in the meanwhile the good nurse had thought to surround his little cradle with all the simple comforts that lay in her power to bring. And little William, though brought up in a tower, was as tenderly and lovingly reared as his twin cousin at the great castle. He was fed on the sweetest and richest of milk, and had as many old time lullabies sung to him as any baby in Normandy. Every one thought of him and loved and pitied him, as no kind people could well help doing; and every one tried in some way to soothe his sad little lot. He was the unconscious subject of many anxious thoughts and earnest prayers; and as if those humble petitions were heard above, the babe grew daily in health and strength. In spite of his unnatural surroundings, baby William learned to smile and coo very early, and possessed all the pretty, winning ways of more fortunate babies. His nurse, who at first hoped he would not live long for his own sake, soon began to hope that he would for hers. She grew so fond of him that he was hardly ever out of her arms; and she would look at him and fondle him and sing to him as lovingly and foolishly as any young mother.

And Guilbert, who had been cautioned at the peril of his head to keep the key well turned on this dangerous little captive, took the greatest interest in him, and was more often found playing with him than on duty. The good fellow had kept watch over many unhappy prisoners in his younger and braver days; but he could not remember ever having had one who loved and trusted him like little William, or who seemed so contented to remain in his cus-

tody. Nothing was so amusing to baby as to have his blue ribbon leading-strings slipped under his little arms, and to be led all around the tower-chamber by the good Guilbert. And by the time William was a year old, the good friend had taught him to walk as straight as any little nobleman in Normandy. Besides, he could say a number of sweet old Norman words, and this greatly delighted his nurse Mathilde.

Very soon the baby William grew to be a boy; and the boy William was even more lovable than the baby had been. He kept a dear, innocent little face and had such a sweet mouth, and such beautiful gold-brown love-locks curling all about his white neck, that he was like a picture all the while. He had dark, tender, trustful eyes, that looked up with just a shade of sadness in them, as if his childish soul drooped, without knowing it, for the want of the free air and warm sunshine. His quiet little voice was more like music than like the noisy prattle of children. I think this came of the deep stillness of the Tower, which was seldom broken, save by his nurse's own gentle tones, and where any sound, however harsh elsewhere, seemed plaintive and sweet as it echoed within those thick gray walls. Then, too, William himself was fond of sweet sounds. Nothing pleased him more than to listen to old Guilbert playing on his quaint harp and singing him to sleep in the long evenings. Little William early learned all the old melodies, and it was not long before his own baby fingers drew forth the sweetest music from the mellow old strings. He loved to sit, in the twilight, at his nurse's knee, and sing with her the cradle-songs of Normandy, his young voice and her old one blending together in strange sweet harmony. This simple, almost lonely life had its influence upon William's childish nature. He grew up quiet, gentle, con-

tented, loving his solitude as if it had been a blessing. And Guilbert, who could never quite understand how it was that so sweet a child should happen to bear the name of his wicked old uncle, and who declared that he had never in all his life—which had been long and eventful—seen so beautiful and lovable a boy as little William, forthwith christened him "Sweet William;" and never did a name suit its little owner better than this.

"In truth, Guilbert, you have a wise old head," said Nurse Mathilde, smiling and looking into her little boy's face. "You are right; he is more like the dear, gentle little flower than like his heartless uncle the duke."

"And indeed, Mathilde, I would rather he were 'Sweet William' all his life than Duke William, if a title and crown must needs make men heartless and cruel."

"Heaven has given him only gentle virtues, my friend; and whether it please heaven to keep him here always, or to make him our duke some day, his will never be but a kind and loving heart," rejoined Mathilde, hopefully.

"But I would rather heaven were pleased to take his sinful lordship away at once, and restore the boy to his rights. The duke, like myself, has lived nearly long enough. It is time he were making room for a better one."

"Hush, Guilbert, hush!" cried Mathilde; "those are imprudent words. My lord would have your head and the child's if he heard them. Has not Francis told you how he feared the boy? They say he does not sleep a night but he dreams of his brother Geoffrey or of the child. He asks sometimes if it be strong and well, and like to live longer than he, and if it resembles his brother."

"I know my lord never had any love for his brother; but why should he turn his

SWEET WILLIAM.

ON THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.
By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER IV.—LADY CONSTANCE.

Another babe was growing up all this while at Mount St. Michael—a very different child, indeed, from Sweet William. In the first place, she was a little girl, with fair hair and merry blue eyes, and the happiest of little dimples for ever playing about her rosybud of a mouth. She was always gay and bright and full of life, and she was so quaint and sharp that sometimes she quite astonished her nurse Lasette with her roguish little ways. Then she lived in the great splendid castle, where everything was beautiful, and where a host of servants seemed to have nothing else to do but to look after her little wants and comforts. Everything that was calculated to make a child happy at Mount St. Michael was hers. The bright flowers in the castle gardens; the lovely deer in her father's parks; the hounds and the horses of which she was so fond; and better than all, the free, pure air of the hills, and the clear blue sky above her, and the warm sunshine,—all were hers to enjoy.

My Lady Constance, as she was always called, lacked nothing to make her the bright and sunny little creature that she was. She ruled, without knowing it, the castle and all its inmates—even the stern old duke, her father, who had for many years refused to see her and to love her.

You have heard enough about Duke William to know that he was a strangely heartless man. When his young wife died and he was told that she had left him only a little daughter, he was furious. He wanted a son, of course—a son to inherit his title and his lands, and to bear his name down through the ages. But the fates were unkind to him—as they had always been, he said—and had given to his brother the son that should have been his, and left him with only a girl for an heir. This was a great disappointment to him; and he showed how bitterly he resented it by never seeing Constance or inquiring after her, so that for many years she hardly knew she had a father.

Duke William spent little of his time at Mount St. Michael. Indeed he was never there unless he had some wicked thing to hide from, or grew uneasy about the little boy in the tower, lest he might in some way have escaped him. And when he had reassured himself, and found everything going on as usual, and saw that he had given himself all this trouble and anxiety in vain, he would find fault with everything he could, and scold the good Francis, and make himself so disagreeable that every one kept out of his way who could; and all were glad enough when he was off again.

But one day in the early summer, when my lord was returning from some glorious warfare in unusually good spirits, he saw something that surprised him.

A little girl was just emerging from one of the narrow wooded paths that led up to Mount St. Michael. She was a pretty child with bright flowing hair; and she leaned caressingly against a beautiful and stately horse. One of her little arms was wound tenderly about his neck, and she looked into his strong, noble face without a trace of fear. She was talking to him in the most earnest and loving little voice.

"You would not be wild with me, would you, dear Roncesvalles? Jacques says you are too big and too fierce for a little maid like me; but Jacques is such a simple old soul—he does not know the ways of little maids. I care not what he says, I will have no other horse; for there is not in all Normandy another horse as beautiful as you. I loved you the very first time I saw you, and Nurse Lasette herself says that is the best kind of love. I could not help it, Roncesvalles; you were so tall and so white, and you held your lovely neck so well. You must forgive me, but I love you more because you are fierce and wild sometimes. I would not tell you this if you were not always gentle with me. I wonder what makes you so knowing. Dear, good horse, if they take you from me I will never love another horse." And she hid her rosy face in his long white mane.

Duke William thought he had never seen so pretty a picture. "She is beautiful, my daughter, and fair," he said to him-

self with pride; and he rode up where Constance and her friend were standing.

Constance was a strangely fearless child. She had never seen her father, but had heard much of him, and had gathered all sorts of queer ideas about him in her little head. Sometimes she thought he must be a kind of god, because he seemed to rule Mount St. Michael without ever being there, and because such great and powerful persons as Lasette and Francis and even old Jacques seemed to stand in such awe of him, and spoke his name only in whispers.

She had often been curious to see Duke William, for she fancied he must be a different being from any one she had ever known. She wondered if he was a huge creature like the dreadful giants Nurse Lasette had told her of. She thought that his voice would be like rumbling thunder, and might shake even the rocks of Mount St. Michael when he spoke. Still, she had never thought that she might be afraid of him. And when my lord really and truly did look down at her from his high horse, and said in quite a natural voice, "Roncesvalles is yours, my little lady, and neither Jacques nor any one else shall take him from you," she looked up at him with wide blue eyes and said,—

"Your lordship is very good to me. I am the Lady Constance; pray what is your lordship's name?"

"William of Normandy," replied the duke grimly; for it struck him oddly, perhaps unpleasantly for the first time, that his own child should not know him.

Constance was not at all intimidated. She was only a little surprised to find that her father was very human in appearance—in fact, not so very unlike Francis, except that his eyes were blacker, and his beard longer, and his brows more wrinkled, and that he wore a wonderful coat of mail and a bright shining sword at his side. She studied him for a little while, and then the dimples played about her small mouth again, and she said with her most engaging smile,—

"I have wished all my life to see your grace, because I have heard my nurse say that you were a great and powerful man, and that you could be fierce sometimes. And I knew I would love you, because I love fierce people best; that is why I love Roncesvalles."

Duke William was not accustomed to have little maids tell him that he was fierce, much less that they loved him. He was quite startled for a moment, and scarcely knew what to say.

"And what know you of fierce people, and how came you to like them so well?" he said at last.

"Oh, Nurse Lasette has told me all about them; and though they do not always do what is right, I cannot help liking them. They are so strong; and sometimes they can say whether a person shall live or die. That is a great thing for a person to say, is it not?"

Duke William's black eyes glistened, and he looked fiercer than ever, as he said,—

"You have been well taught, I see, my Lady Constance."

But she did not notice the cloud that came over his face just then. She had turned to Roncesvalles again, and was telling him of his good fortune.

"Have you heard, good horse? The duke, my father, has said that you shall be mine. We will join in the great chase now, and you shall be the swiftest horse and I the best horseman among them. Tell me that you are glad, dear Roncesvalles."

The great white steed arched his beautiful neck and looked at her lovingly, and she seemed satisfied.

"Now come closer, and let me mount you, and we will show my father what good friends we are."

But the duke quickly alighted from his own horse, and gallantly helped the little girl himself; and they rode away to the castle together—an odd-looking pair; indeed, to those who might have seen them—her graceful and airy little figure sitting so straight on the noble Roncesvalles speeding away between the thick trees, and her clear voice ringing out in merry laughter through the woods; while Duke William's tall and stately form followed in thoughtful silence, like a dark shadow after a bright ray of sunlight.

From that day Duke William began to be more concerned about his little daughter.

In all his long and selfish life he had never had any intercourse with children. He knew little of their sweet and winning ways and of the power which they often have even on such hard hearts as his own; and for this reason he fell an easy prey to her artless and gentle influence. It pleased him to see that she was gifted with beauty and grace and brave courage. He was proud to find in his child the attributes which he did not possess; for these virtues never fail to exercise an influence over us, when their owner is so sweetly unconscious of them all.

(To be Continued.)

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

HE TELLS OF THE TREES OF SCRIPTURE AND OF ABRAHAM'S OAK, NEAR HEBRON.

When Uncle John, a few days ago, announced that the big cutter would be ready at four o'clock for a six-mile run, there was a shout of delight. At the hour appointed all were ready, wrapped in heavy coats and furs. Tom and Ned and the sisters were soon snugly ensconced, and Uncle, with his great beaver collar standing so high that it met his otter-skin cap, grasped the reins, whistled to the pair of browns, and off the party went over the crackling snow, to the gay jingle of the sleigh-bells.

As they flew along past the frozen brook, and the snow-laden trees that bent under their fleecy weight, they were a very merry party indeed. At a point where the road made a sharp turn, stood a giant oak of great age, its wide-spreading snow-wrapped arms reaching far out over the highway and drooping so low that the twigs almost brushed the faces of the occupants of the sleigh as they swept past.

"That oak," said Uncle, "is an ancient fellow,—old enough possibly to have witnessed the red men skinning about on their snowshoes before the whites came to these parts."

"That would make it twice a centenarian, wouldn't it?" inquired Ted.

"Possibly," was the reply. "But there are trees of far greater age in existence; some in our own land and many, well authenticated, in the Old World. Probably the oldest of all is the famous tree at Hebron, in Palestine, known as 'Abraham's oak.' It is a magnificent terebinth of the prickly, evergreen variety, and though there are some finer oaks in Lebanon there are hardly any larger."

"Was it really planted by Abraham?" asked one of the sleigh-riders.

"It is impossible to tell, though the probability is that ages elapsed between the patriarch's day and the planting of the oak that has been named after him. Yet it is very ancient; it is known to have been venerated at least three hundred years, and the spot upon which it stands is said to be the place where Abraham pitched his tent at Mamre. This great tree is growing very old, and during the last twenty years has lost half its branches. It may

live a few generations more, however, for it is quite vigorous in some parts, though many of the boughs seem to be dead."

"Is it as large as the great California red-wood trees, Uncle?" inquired Tom.

"No, neither in height nor circumference can any of the trees in the Holy Land compare with the giants that grow in our forests beyond the Rockies. Some of the latter are said to be over forty feet in girth around the trunk, while Abraham's oak measures only thirty-two feet in circumference at the largest part. At a height of about twenty feet from the ground it begins to branch out its great limbs, each of them equal to a fair-sized tree."

"Hebron was Abraham's city," observed one of the party.

"Yes, and it is still known as such," rejoined Uncle John. "It is approached through a rocky and somewhat desolate-looking district, but as one gets near Hebron, the barren rocks and dry brushwood, with only here and there a patch of grass, give way to orchards and vineyards. About a mile distant from the patriarch's city, on a slope among the vineyards, is a Russian hospice, where pilgrims of the Greek church may be found in great numbers at certain seasons of the year. They go to visit a place known as Jutta, where, according to tradition, John the Baptist was born. The hospice is a flat-roofed building of stone, of a somewhat rambling style of architecture, but a great boon to the pilgrims. 'Abraham's oak,' which I have just described to you, stands a little way off from the hospice. Traditions are everywhere in Palestine, and Hebron has its share. One tradition declares that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are buried there, but the Bible declares that they were buried at Machpelah. The Arabs have named the city 'El Khalil' (the Friend) after Abraham, who was the 'Friend of God.'"

Repassing the old oak, whose great arms now stood sharply defined against the sunless sky, the children looked at it with a new reverence, feeling that it, too, might have a history running back to long departed generations if it could but give it voice.—*Christian Herald.*

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

During the continued shocks of an earthquake which destroyed a little Russian village not long since, there stood a private soldier who had been stationed at that point, and directed not to move until ordered to do so.

Buildings all about him were trembling and falling, but he stood motionless, his hands upraised as if in prayer.

Not a moment too soon, to save the soldier's life, a superior officer dashing by, saw him, took in the situation, and shouted his order to "Move on." The soldier gladly obeyed. The Emperor of Russia has rewarded the man for obedience. The thought which comes to me, is, How many soldiers of the great king are thus faithful?—*The Punsy.*



ABRAHAM'S OAK AT HEBRON.